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THE
PURSUITS
OF
HAPPINESS.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

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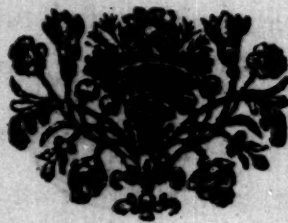
THE
SURVEY

OF THE
HARBOUR



THE
PURSUITS
OF
HAPPINESS.

INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. CADELL in the Strand.
MDCC LXXI.

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LONDON

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THE
P U R S U I T S
OF
H A P P I N E S S.

YES, by the phrase of schoolmen unconfin'd,
To trace some striking features of the mind;
Some wandering lines that mark the rising thought,
Ne'er in the depths of tangled study fought,
These may be mine; beneath the critic's view
To sport with verse, and trust for praise to you.

O'er every beating heart confess'd to reign,
Pursued by all, by all pursued in vain,
The Sage's secret, and the Poet's dream,
Be the wide wish of HAPPINESS my Theme.

Come then, and let us lecture by the hour
 On these great subjects, Wisdom, Wealth, and Pow'r;
 The boasted source of every bliss deny,
 And shew their empty urns, their fountains dry.—
 Alas! from me no learned lectures hope,
 A simple rhimester—look for these in POPE.
 I boast no magic verse, no matchless mind,
 That deep in science leaves the croud behind,
 To * * * * * leave a system's pert pretence,
 Nor, where I cannot fathom, take offence;
 Some passing figures only dare to show,
 And give the Muse's comment as they go.

All, said the Dane *, have business and desires;
 All human kind this touch Promethean fires,
 By every rank, by every temper sought,
 Something to be, and something to be thought:
 This on the many's changing will depends,
 That on our own, uncertain of its ends;
 To that no sage could e'er affix a name,
 This roves thro' all the lengthen'd scale of fame.

* Hamlet.

'Tis Florio's bow, his minuet, his walk ;
 With * * * * a brilliant on a hand of chalk ;
 Fashion in youth, and decency in age ;
 With prudes 'tis honour, prayer-book, and page.

Some fleeting hope we start, pursue, and miss,
 Then rouse another, and pronounce it bliss :
 Yet may not spleen the Sovereign Will arraign,
 Yet may not spleen believe we run in vain ;
 'Tis the pursuit rewards the active mind,
 And what in rest we seek, in toil we find.

The friend of Pyrrhus bade him feast and live,
 Possessed of all the finish'd war could give :
 Vain were his banquets had not Pyrrhus fought,
 The chace, and not the quarry, Pyrrhus fought.

'Midst all the sweets of Tempe's roseate vale,
 Where every fragrance breathes on every gale,
 The fabled pleasures of Elysian bow'rs,
 The nectar quaff'd on beds of blushing flow'rs ;

Give all to sense that sense could wish to prove,
 And give immortal as the joys of Jove,
 The soul would sicken 'mid the stagnate air,
 And with the ruffian blasts of human care.
 Where passive sense with all her pow'rs would miss,
 The springs of action move the wheels of bliss ;
 Hence bustling natures, in a wayward state,
 And thrown at random on the coil of fate,
 Staunch to each purpose, still unwearied press
 Where dark misfortune low'rs, or beams success,
 Teach every curse the happiness it brings,
 And reap the vintage midst the wild of things:
 Hence Balbus triumphs o'er the ills of life,
 With duns, bad debtors, law-suits, and a wife.

Hence vain the rule that moral coldness gives,
 And bids Lothario live as Probus lives:
 " I fit, says Probus, on the peaceful shore,
 " And hear the billows round me idly roar,
 " I hear unmov'd ; within my humble cell
 " The blissful pow'rs of calm contentment dwell ;

" Soft

"Soft as the sleep of babes my passions lie"—

Lothario yawns, and Probus wonders why—

Lothario, swelling with a soul of fire,

Wing'd with the light'ning wish, the fierce desire—

"Contentment, peace, the blissful scenes of ease!

"The hell your fancies paint were heav'n to these."

If certain bounds th' impulsive ardor kept,

Nor madden'd joy, nor melancholy wept,

But where, amid the intricate of fate,

Our reason gave to love, and gave to hate;

Were the true blissful always understood,

And fought alone amidst the wise and good,

Sunk in the calm wou'd Virtue's labour cease,

And lose her triumphs in the lap of peace;

The pulse of active life wou'd cease to beat,

No wish to agitate, no hope to heat,

Unnerv'd each effort, every pow'r unbent,

Lull'd in one listless apathy, Content.

Men must have passions; point them, if you can,

Where less the brute enjoys, and more the man.

To combat passion when our reasons rise,
 Reasons are better passions in disguise.
 In every climate, and in every age,
 With poet, priest, philosopher, and sage,
 Let pedant-preachers smooth it as they will,
 They preach successful to the passions still;
 Direct the wish to rise, the tear to fall,
 Give fear to some, and vanity to all.

The world's dull reason, sober, cool, and pure,
 The world's dull reason is a knave demure.
 See, fresh from Nature's hand, unfetter'd youth
 Romantic friendship boast, romantic truth;
 With all the mist of fond delusion blind,
 The venial errors of an honest mind,
 High beat their hearts with every generous aim,
 And grasp the golden hope of endless fame:
 Majestic visions, forms of transport wild,
 Where bloom'd the arts, or hardy Valour toil'd,
 Rise from the pictur'd walks of Greece or Rome,
 Rise from the past, and point the time to come.

But

But soon, too soon, the airy fabrics fall,
 And servile Reason lacqueys Int'rest's call;
 Now Caution creeps where Virtue stalk'd before,
 And cons the batter'd page of Prudence o'er:
 Get wealth, the bell of every idiot chimes,
 Immoderate wealth, the madness of the times;
 Get wealth abroad, beneath the furthest sky,
 Or cheat at home, game, perjure, fawn, and lie.
 See at the goal, to tempt the kindling race,
 See Stukely's laurels blooming in thy face!
 Stukely, whose youth the folly was deny'd
 To hide the villain, or desire to hide;
 (Tho' in his face, at times, the fiend within
 Half veils his portrait with a bastard grin)
 Plays with my Lord, is favour'd by her Grace,
 Now grasps a title, and obtains a place,
 Drinks precious burgundy, is serv'd in plate,
 And winds their schemes with ministers of state;
 Nay, shame to Virtue in a woman's shape!
 Aspasia is his wife—without a rape.—

All this is own'd; but prudent men are glad
 To take the world as it may be had:
 Stukely has parts, has gain'd from nothing clear
 (Or fame has ly'd) eight thousand pounds a year—
 " His virtue! cries a sage—My good young man,
 " Leave rhiming, and get money if you can;
 " For Stukely's worth and your's, the world will scan 'em,
 " Trust me they will, at just so much per annum."
 The blusheless fons of these degenerate days
 Not virtue lose alone, but virtue's praise.—

Yet not the suffrage of the world bestows
 The bliss our vices chase, our virtue knows:
 The glare that blazes in a public show,
 The courtier's whisper, and the great man's bow;
 To dance with Princes, and to dine with Lords,
 These are the joys their envy'd lot affords.
 Yet they, whom gaping crouds with envy see,
 Have years to seem, but scarce an hour to be;
 Set, like some bauble gayly trimm'd, on high,
 Their life, their friendship, and their love, a lie,

If

If e'er reflexion renders up it's trust,
The vapid medley rises in disgust,
Without the sparkle, and the gold, remain
The sparkling poison, and the gilded chain,
And memory gathers, with unweary'd wing,
But thoughts that torture, and but joys that sting.

But far more solid joys may wealth produce
With those who spend it not for shew, but use;
It's decent, sober sons, who calmly taste
What riches give, without intemperate waste.
Thus honest Bala'm—yes, the title's meet,
No rich man is a rogue in Lombard Street—
“What, honest! he, whom orphan minors curse,
Robb'd of their rights to pamper Bala'm's purse;
A suit in chancery shall set you right—”
A knave! I scorn the word—the man's a knight;
His honour's proof I draw from high records,
True, as his turtle, in the mouth of lords.—
“To lords a bubble, and to wits a sport,
A man of moment (as he says) at court—”

“ There, while I breath’d a pray’r for Britain’s good,
 “ The best of Princes mark’d me where I stood,
 “ My absence from the last day’s levee chid,
 “ And ask’d—how lady Bala’m’s toothach did?”

Our friends may fail us, and our fortunes fall,
 Self-consequence alone is true to all:
 Search where you will, the dullest herd explore
 Where muddy nature seems to roll no more,
 Who calmly bear, in business’ hackney’d ways,
 The listless habitude of passive days,
 Who breathe an air that feels no active spring,
 Unfann’d by Fancy’s ever-vivid wing,
 Guiltless of thought who creep their round of time,
 Like some old Orloge, with one drowzy chime,
 And ’mongst their whiter notes of memory keep
 One better dinner, and one sounder sleep,
 Yet there has Pride it’s little objects too,
 The wig best-powder’d, or the blackest shoe;
 Hence chandler Gripe his wife’s shrill tongue belabours,
 For Sukey’s flounce is narrower than her neighbour’s;

Hence

Hence Pastry-Figg, who claims superior parts,
Steals half the paper-bottom from his tarts,
And dares the boldest of his Friday's club
With doubts deistical from Father Chubb.

To self-conceit the meanest knowledge swells,
Of Lælio's motions Lælio's butler tells,
The last supply can figure to a fous,
And counts the patriot noses of the house.

Proud of his post his Grace's footman see,
As pert, as wicked, and as drunk as he,
With shoes as shining, with as broad a lace,
With all his idiot sawciness of face,

The boy, whose bawling merit boasts to sweep
The greasy crossings of the ward of Cheap,
Who scrapes for farthings plump Sir Pipkin's door,
For trade and freedom swells the city roar.
Thro' all her ranks the Law's importance runs,
And Mansfield's words are mouth'd by scriveners' sons.

With eyes that keep one vacant point in view,
 Like pap the sun had bleach'd and hardened too,
 That took some odd fantastic form by chance
 See milky Lamio, mute and grave advance :
 O'er locks that nature gave, but solemn law,
 A foe to nature, with averfion faw,
 A needleft peruke's fnowy round is thrown,
 And blanks his face with folly not it's own.
 His words, in one long even tone that drawl
 When drowzy Dulnefs yawns her opiate call,
 Let Pity fuffer (for fhe can no more)
 To mark the weather, or to count the hour;
 But fould the youth, amid the circling pit,
 Decide on Shakefpeare, and pronounce on wit,
 We laugh in fcorn—yet Lamio ftill is blefs'd,
 He thinks, poor foul! the rogues have found his jeft.

Some few there are, who by impartial rules
 Half-find the fecret that themfelves are fools,
 Who never deep in thought, nor maz'd in doubt,
 Can laugh at wifdom, and are blefs'd without :

Who

Who beat, unmoved, the beaten track, to find
 Each grosser sense that mocks the reasoning mind;
 Hunt in a squire, an alderman regale,
 Or swill, a parson, politics and ale.
 Others by Dulness' brisker efforts made
 (For there are fools of feather as of lead)
 Are born by Pride beyond their native fence,
 And cheat mankind, the hypocrites of sense.

The soft, the delicate Favonius hear
 Glingling his baubles in my aching ear,
 So dully sweet, so pertly debonnair,
 Wit with a grin, and wisdom with a stare;
 Bless'd youth! whose skin so white, whose talk so smart,
 Wins every male, and every female heart.

With tags of jests in Brown and Dufey found,
 With puns that lie in ambush for a sound,
 With mottos from the wits of ancient days,
 Stol'n from the tops of magazine-essays,
 With painters' names at print-shops daily fought,
 With one poor epigram his tutor wrote,

Favonius

Favonius rose, and all the ladies know it,
A wit, a scholar, connoisseur, and poet.

“ Friendship’s the wine of life.” I hold at least
Folly the nuts and apples of the feast.
That flippant folly, with the jaunty mien,
At midnight balls in Florio’s figure seen ;
Skill’d in those little arts that always please,
With pertness fluttering on the wings of ease,
To wear a smile perpetual in his face,
To talk perpetual nothings with a grace ;
Or, when his stars are in a blessing fit,
Play with a fan, and stumble upon wit,
Something by fops call’d wit, that fools may find,
No words describe, for no ideas bind,
That, far from sense, with whim’s exotics grew,
That much applauds itself, and laughs at you.

Not Priscus thus ; he boasts an honest heart,
An open soul, that hates the name of art ;

With sense unpolish'd grating on his mind
 He holds perpetual war with human kind,
 Storms at a fop, is angry at a fool,
 And bears good-nature just within a rule.
 Where tyrant Priscus scowls his redd'ning eye
 Mirth waves his wing, and all the Cupids fly:
 On him what joys of other names await,
 Bless'd with a foe, and proud to purchase hate.
 Is this to truth, to wisdom this ally'd?
 All this is nature—or perhaps 'tis pride.

We seldom simply judge of good or ill
 By genuine laws, or unperturbed will,
 The means of bliss with you, with me, or him,
 Are fix'd by narrow codes of partial whim.
 But in one passion (sings the bard of night *,
 Nor sings he false) all human hearts unite;
 If from their folds their motives you unbind,
 Instinctive vanity rules all mankind.

* Young.

And rules it love, my Florio? ask your Chloe,
 Your last year's charmer, she perhaps may show ye
 Her Florio once, her Florio to the heart,
 Pierc'd and transpierced by Cupid's golden dart,
 With many a stolen sonnet to her praise,
 ' And many a window scratch'd with amorous lays."
 But now, your Chloe is so changed a creature,
 These sonnets are the falsest things in nature;
 By what sad chance are all her beauties lost?
 She's quite as handsome—but no more a toast;
 Some newer beauty catch'd the public eye,
 And Florio took the hint—to gaze and die.

Alas! so tame our modern love is grown
 That dying lovers die in rhyme alone,
 Harmless it's fires like play-house lightnings glare,
 And each impassion'd votary's but a play'r.

When from the yoke of Afric's tawny son
 His half-unpeopled land the Spaniard won,

When

When midst the lonely castle's echoing hall,
 The Giant-Cuiffes deck'd the ragged wall,
 And dark Enchantment, Superstition's child
 In midnight mazes walk'd the howling wild,
 Romance, with all her fancy-fashion'd creed,
 Saw heroes pine, and desperate lovers bleed,
 Thro' circling years the virgin flame confess'd,
 And blazing fiercest when by Fate repress'd;
 The poison'd chalice, and the dagger bare,
 She taught the tender-bosom'd nymph to dare,
 With magic hand untwin'd the threads she wove,
 And pour'd on Virtue all the blifs of Love.

But when her canvas opening to the wind,
 Had Traffic wafted wealth from either Ind,
 Attendant Luxury she wafted too,
 Refinement flourish'd, and Politeness grew;
 Then Love was lifted in her mimic train,
 And Fashion's lips his ardors taught to feign;
 Debauch'd by Art, he lost his genuine pow'r,
 And idly frolic'd midst the vacant hour.

" 'Tis woman's fault," the surly Priscus says,
 " Degenerate woman in these waning days ;
 " True to no worth, in female bosoms reign,
 " Despite of love, the fickle and the vain ;
 " Still idly soaring with untaught desire,
 " Squire yields to Lord, and Merit to a Squire."

'Tis *their* ambition ; lords are noble game,
 And mighty minds at mighty quarries aim :
 Tho' tyrant man would fain monopolize
 The thirst of glory and of great emprise,
 Yet female breasts the generous ardor own,
 Their scepter Beauty, and our hearts their throne.

Her soul unbroken and unquench'd its flame,
 See yonder veteran in the lists of fame ;
 See, at the closing of some public show
 Canidia jostling in its hindmost row :
 ('Tis but the decent rudeness of her state,
 For simple ladies come an hour too late)
 Canidia still in beauty's *second* prime,
 At sixty bends not to the hand of Time ;

Time

Time can but draw his wrinkles o'er her brow,
 Time can but spread her glossy locks with snow,
 These are no parts of her—that head-dress see,
 Triumphs in youthful Immortality!
 Eternal bloom—is in the pow'r of paint,
 And yet Canidia's more than half a saint;
 Constant at church, for sometimes beaux are there,
 And thus, one fasting morn, she clos'd a pray'r:
 “ And as for death, since die the youngest must,
 “ And this fair frame be moulder'd in the dust,
 “ Be all these errors of my youth forgiv'n,
 “ And let me wear this Denmark-fly* in heav'n!”

But rapid now, like fruit preserv'd by art,
 Canidia's youth is harmless to my heart;
 But seek its pow'r, its native empire seek,
 Where the blood dances in Flavilla's cheek,
 Glows in her lip, her panting bosom warms,
 And swells redundant in a thousand charms,
 Her winged thoughts, from torpid reason flown,
 Flit in a funny region of their own:

* A particular sort of head-dress.

Wisdom forgets to chide, when Wisdom spies
 The dear Imprudence sparkling in her eyes,
 Her eyes, that in their beamy courses roll
 Luxuriant feelings, and a waste of soul;
 Yet would he speak, not reason's musty law,
 Would give thy pleasure, not thy conduct, law;
 For pleasure's self, too headlong in the chace,
 Flavilla stifles with a rude embrace;
 From life's gay bustle panting and distress'd,
 And still more fev'rish in the lap of rest,
 Pursues the bubble where it glanc'd before,
 The bursting bubble glances now no more;
 For know, Flavilla, though it sounds but ill,
 That ev'n in madness, sense is something still.

But in what class Lemira will you scan,
 Too grave for woman, and too weak for man;
 Too dull for whim, too simple much for sense,
 Her's is the region of indifference:
 One civil question, and one sober stile,
 One decent curt'sy, and one settled smile,

Discreetly

Discreetly cold, she never soars above,
 These all her friendship, these are all her love;
 And as for hate, to woman or to man—
 Her lip just pressing on her folded fan!
 With pulse unquicken'd, with unredde'n'd cheeks,
 Ne'er to be blest'd is all the bliss she seeks.

Cloze by her side, her wither'd Lord the while
 With toothless visage tries an aukward smile,
 So on some moral tombstone sculptors place
 A death's head grinning in a cherub's face.
 Him Folly tempted in some weaker hour,
 (For long had Love been foil'd and lost his pow'r)
 To covet in the crazy wane of life
 Imputed honour from a beauteous wife.

With the faint No which love interprets Yes,
 The nymph had doom'd another suitor's bliss,
 When this Antonio, like the god of old,
 Came, saw, and conquer'd, in a show'r of Gold,
 Lemira's prudent phlegm had time to see,
 That Six in jointure fairly doubles Three.

Some

Some venial errors to the sex allow,
 All these are women;—Lucia! what art thou?
 Thee, gentlest, wisest, Nature form'd to move
 The wise to wonder, and the soft to love;
 With all the prudence coldest natures know,
 The warmth that bids a seraph's bosom glow,
 Humility to learn, with skill to guide,
 The blush of meekness, yet with virtue's pride,
 Mild with each grace, with reason's strength to soar,
 Thy heart is woman's, but thy mind is more!

Yet ask the world, has Lucia ne'er a failing?
 And shall its railers burst for want of railing?
 Lucia, an Angel, Goddess, what you will,—
 Sighs for a title, and is woman still.

How start my feelings from desires like these!
 How swells my wonder that a sound should please!
 With like surprize the world's gay sons wou'd see
 Thin fancy, charm, or musing sadness, me.
 How wou'd they view me from their crouds retire,
 To feast on thought beside my ev'ning fire!

By Nature form'd to dwell on Fancy's themes,
 With sacred faith I hear her wildest dreams,
 On all her clouds impress a livelier glow,
 And flush the painting of her gaudiest bow:
 Or sometimes, stung by Virtue's broken rules,
 The pomp of villains, and the pride of fools,
 Grown sick of life, a wistful thought I cast
 Where thought had scarce begun to guide the past;
 Where Truth sat brooding like a white-plum'd dove
 O'er infant Friendship, and o'er infant Love,
 The fairy-tale by simple nurses told,
 And memory rushing in the songs of old.

One hallow'd fatchel still recalls the boy,
 The hallow'd fatchel draws a tear of joy!
 Oh! golden days! that ne'er return again,
 When life's full current ran without a stain;
 Warm from the heart each pointed wish was led,
 Without the cold conclusions of the head,
 Some little cares that flutter'd as they rose
 Just sunk again to sweeten new repose:

No tangled knowledge did the foul endure,
And this was wisdom, for the foul was pure.

Nor yet for all the pow'rs of boastful art,
Each deeper science, each sublimer part,
Did Pride allow me, wou'd I barter this
The meek-ey'd virtue with her peaceful bliss.

Cease then to chace the meteor as it flies,
Be humbly happy, and be humbly wise :
To know what Nature meant, what Heav'n allow'd,
Too great for vice, too little to be proud,
With mirth to chear. with temper ne'er forgot.
This may be ours—'twas Lentulus's lot.

Born in that middle state, which gives to know
What greatness is, what greatness can't bestow ;
With moderate wishes, but no cares that vex,
With knowledge, just to guide, but not perplex,
That ne'er at Truth's plain dictates took offence
That ne'er in subtilty was lost to sense ;

With

With taste, that knew the pleasing path to strike,
 Without the nice discernment of dislike;
 Warm from his heart tho' virtue's zeal arose,
 Compassion check'd the flame, and spar'd her foes,
 With pious awe her jealous sense suppress'd,
 And took the worst of seemings at the best;
 Ev'n for the worst a brother's yearnings kept,
 And where his faith condemn'd, his nature we

Free from her proudest good, her direst harm,
 He fled from fortune to a humble farm;
 There shunn'd the croud his virtue ne'er approv'd,
 There saw the better few his virtue lov'd.

Oh! let me oft the blisful scene recall,
 (While proud Ambition's plummy visions fall)
 His barn when Autumn's yellow bounty stor'd,
 The modern patriarch o'er his festive board!
 His festive board which modest nature grac'd,
 Nor tortur'd appetite, and call'd it Taste;
 Where tow'r'd no plate, no saucy lacqueys frown'd,
 But rosy children fat like cherubs round:

There, on the welcome guest, the wife, the child,
 The friend, the husband, and the father smil'd;
 There, mildly jocund, o'er the temperate bowl,
 Free rose the mirth that pour'd his spotless soul,
 And warm good-nature rov'd where pleasure lies,
 Betwixt the gaily mad, and dully wise.

Such was his life, a life his death confess'd
 That gave the faint to live, the man to rest.
 Heav'n took him at an age, that just bereft
 His keener passions, but his reason left,
 That just cou'd feel the present as it pass'd,
 Look o'er his former days, nor fear his last.

Oh! spare his grave, ye proud! the mouldering clod
 No marble covers, but a simple sod,
 Near where its withering arms the ancient yew
 Leans to the east, and drops the hoary dew:
 There on the sward I saw them rest his bier,
 (By faith forbidden, starts one human tear)
 Some sons of virtue, now themselves forget,
 Walk'd, with a pausing step, the silent spot,

On Heav'n their eyes they cast, their hopes rely'd,
 Father, thy will be done!—they said, and sigh'd.

Oh! that my verse a memory cou'd give
 To live for ages, that so pure cou'd live;
 Proud to attend on virtue's train alone,
 Mark his untainted life,—and mend my own:
 Then should no sigh my wounded bosom tear
 For aught that Fortune's glittering sons may wear,
 But Reason teach me, that we idly roam
 For bliss abroad which she can find at home.

Plac'd where no spark of genius dares to rise,
 Where Dulness scarce unfolds her leaden eyes,
 With all th' inextricable maze around
 Of gothic jargon, and unmeaning sound,
 Virtue may teach to feel but half the chain,
 And strew her roses o'er the barren plain.
 Bless'd if no crime a crime's reward shall bring,
 Nor wealth be wafted on Dishonour's wing,
 Gay where I can, nor always loving mirth,
 Not Fancy's quite, nor quite a son of Earth,

May

May I, what wisdom can, what weakness thou'd,
 Harmless at least, attempt a little good,
 And, calmly noting where the pageants end,
 Smile at the great, and venerate my friend.

F I N I S.



